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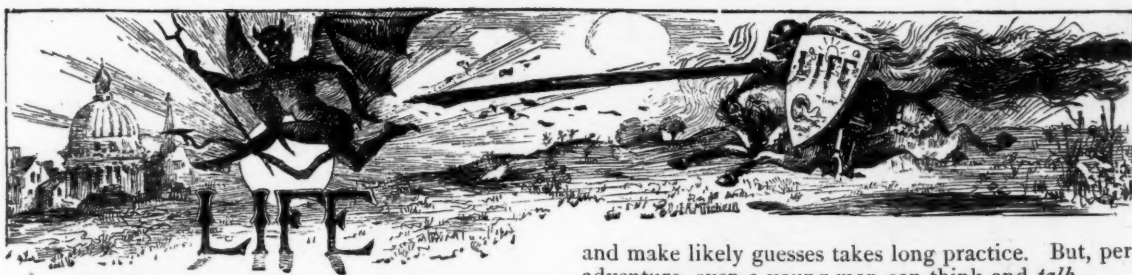
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JOHN AMES MITCHELL AND EDWARD S. MARTIN.

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NOW or formerly was born of honest parents a male child, who, being duly nourished and clothed, grew to man's estate, learning many things by the way, but nothing in particular. And when it became time for him to choose the calling by which he should live, he said:—

"Certain men I see who sit in a back office and read the paper, and the little boy who sits in the front office writes at a desk, working. But the pay of the boy is small, whereas the man grows rich; since the boy is paid for what he does, but the man for what he knows, I choose to be a lawyer, and to sit always in a back office, and be paid for what I know."

So there were bought for him books bound in leather, and many days he sat at a desk writing.

But presently he arose, and put on his hat, saying,

"Now I perceive that all men who sit in back offices are superior to me by the accident of birth, being born first. Nor is it probable that I, being thus trammelled by nature, and being but one, and not two-men-and-a-boy, can ever learn enough to be paid for what I know."

So he got thence and went fishing.

And while he fished he reflected and said to himself, "It is better to work with the head than with the hands, since the pay is more; but it is a grievous chore to know so much and to sit in an office and be sure. Let me be a doctor, and know less, and go about making likely guesses."

So he practised riding in a coupé, and hired a skeleton, and entered himself at a medical school. But presently he discovered that it was as before, and that the doctors who drove about in carriages making likely guesses were such as beat him by the accident of being born before him.

And he was much discouraged. And he fished again, and thought long and deeply.

And at length he said, "True, it is for *thinking* that men are paid best, but to think and be sure takes knowledge that comes not to the young; and to think

and make likely guesses takes long practice. But, per-adventure, even a young man can think and *talk*."

So he was a clergyman, and for a while he prospered, and all he thought he freely spoke. But presently he was cast out, and he knew then that there also his elders were wiser than he, since they know what not to say.

So when his tradesmen pressed him very sore, he took ship and went into a far country, and then came down to hard pan, and earned his bread honestly, now carrying bricks up a ladder, and again reporting for a morning journal, and many other things in their turn.

And when there had elapsed the period set down in the Statute of Limitations he returned to his native land with all his savings, and hired himself an office and bought paste and a pair of scissors. For he said, "I have now no friends and much experience. I will be an editor." So he issued a journal. And presently one came to him and said "Your sheet is dull." And another, "It is indecent." And another, "It is goody-goody." And another, "It reads like a tract." And another, "It is blasphemous." And so on through the dictionary. And to each in turn he listened and said: "Yes, it is true—but wait. We will fix all that." But his brow did not wrinkle, nor his cheek subside, but he bought more gum and went on. "For being down," he said, "how can one fall?"

Only every day he looked to see what other editors said of his journal, and seemed not to find what he sought.

But presently one morning the office boy heard a strange sound coming from the editor's desk, and approaching he looked, and lo, the editor was reading in a newspaper a passage marked in blue lead, and was weeping. And seeing the lad he called to him, saying: "Come hither, my child, and fret not, for these are tears of joy. For to me who have wandered in many paths, seeking where best I might walk, has come the assurance that I have struck it at last. Listen," and he read him a notice.

"But," said the lad, when he had heard it, "this is unfavorable!"

Then the editor explained to him that as beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, so does praise in the recipient's ear. And as to the eye of love much that is not beautiful appears so, so to the discriminating ear what seems like censure sometimes pleases more than praise.

"There are those," he said, "whose support is the presage of disaster, and from whom criticism is welcome in proportion to its severity."

"We have escaped a great peril. The notice I have read to you means our Assured Success, and now that it has come, and is such as it is, we need no longer withhold our hand, but can go on and be as clever as we may, without fear of ill-omened commendation."

"Here is a trifling sum of money ; go out and amuse yourself, that you may remember the day with pleasure always."

So he said, and the office boy understood perfectly how it was when he observed that the notice read was from the *Spr-ngf--ld R-p-bl-c-n*.

QUIXOTE IN AMERICA.



ONLY a little while ago, I met, in Spain, an old acquaintance who had long been supposed to be dead. Travelling by railroad train, I woke up a little after midnight while we were crossing the plains of La Mancha, and found that a stranger had entered my compartment and taken a seat in one corner of it.

He was very tall, and wrapped in a huge cloak. By the light of the stars, however, I saw that he had long, lank jaws and a melancholy visage. While I was wondering where I had met him before, his cloak fell partly aside and disclosed around his neck something which strangely resembled the gorget of a mediæval knight.

"Pardon me, sir," I began ; "but is armor still worn in these parts?"

"No, señor," said the traveller, carelessly. "I used to wear armor ; but what you see is merely a celluloid collar. Practically, however, that is the same thing."

"Ah," I said, drawing back ; "I suppose I was thinking of Don Quixote."

"Cavalier!" instantly exclaimed the gentleman, by way of salutation, and touching his hat. "Such is my name ; I am at your service."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Are you the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "I'm the original Don."

"Excuse me, sir," I here interposed ; "but aren't you just a little of an anachronism? I thought you were dead?"

"No, sir ; I'm as much alive as ever I was." As he spoke he lifted one of his long hands and struck it proudly against his chest, which rattled response with a hollow sound like that of a coffin-lid or a political platform.

"Why, then," I asked, "don't we hear something of your exploits now-a-days?"



A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.

Mrs. Percy Ballavoine Tubbs: TOM HAS HAD AWFULLY BAD LUCK—POOR FELLOW!

Mr. P. B. T.: WHAT RUBBISH! BAD LUCK MEANS BAD MANAGEMENT. A MAN OF SENSE KEEPS HIS WITS ABOUT HIM AND HIS EYES OPEN, IS PREPARED FOR BAD

LUCK, AND SEES IT COMING. IF HE HASN'T INTELLIGENCE ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF ITS WAY HE DESERVES —for reasons explained above the argument was discontinued at this point.

"Well," he explained, "the misrepresentations about me go around so, that they ruined my usefulness, and now I have to do my work quietly—or under an assumed title.

"I'm not idle, I assure you. I've headed several revolutions here in Spain, and last summer I acted as adviser to Arabi Pacha. My influence extends even to America. Perhaps it is not generally known that I prompted Cyrus Field to put up that monument to the English spy, Major André; and I have repeatedly given my protection to the infant iron industries of Pennsylvania."

On my informing him that I was a citizen of the United States, he went on to confide to me that his operations here had become very large, and that he had some thought of emigrating. "D'Oyly Carte," he added, "is now in treaty with me to go to the States on a lecturing tour.

I urged upon him that he ought to make an American tour, if only for the sake of publishing his impressions.

"Ah!" sighed the Don. "Willingly would I go thither, but that I fear I am more needed elsewhere. That which is most incumbent upon me is to champion the fair; and in your country, I am told, men are so gallant towards women that there would be little occasion for my services. But, were I once assured that

it is otherwise, gladly would I put my lance in rest on behalf of your countrywomen."

Here he drew out from under his cloak what appeared to be a walking-stick, but was really, as he explained, a modernized lance, arranged to shut up or draw out, on the telescopic plan. As gracefully as I might, without too greatly damaging the reputation of the American male, I hinted that perhaps he could find use for this weapon, even in the United States, in the vindication of woman's cause. That appeared to decide him, for he said he should come over immediately. "And will you bring your famous steed, Rosinante?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "Rosinante heaved her last breath long ago—she had had the heaves for some time; but fortunately she left me a winged colt, sired by Pagasus, who makes great speed, though he hasn't much bottom. I call him Poetaster, and it will probably be on his back that I shall cross the Atlantic."

Accordingly I was not surprised, soon after my return, to see the Don one day rambling up from one of the ferries, astride of Poetaster, with his huge turn-down celluloid gleaming in the sun. He had just arrived, and, seeing what excessive attention his horse attracted from the passers-by, I induced him to have the steed put up at a livery stable, where we got him taken by explaining that he was a trick-horse. His knightship

was induced to enter a hack, and—after the manner of all great stars—would have been “driven rapidly to his hotel,” had he not, before we had gone far, caught sight of an over-loaded street-car, in which a number of ladies were seen standing.

This so excited him that, putting his head out of the window, he ordered the hackman to stop, and at once began a tirade against the conductor. “Ha, caitiff!” he cried. “What mean you by such base conduct? Is this a fit way to treat the better half of mankind! Stop that car at once and turn the men out, or, by heaven—”

The conductor faced him with a weary air: “Oh, hire a hall, can’t you?” said he coldly.

Hereupon Don Quixote burst open the hack-door with violence and, elongating his patent lance, ran at the terrified conductor, crying at the same time in a loud voice: “Now, by the memory of Amadis de Gaul, this shall not be while I am near!”

But before he could do his intended victim any harm, the latter opened upon him in a series of sharp detonations from his bell-punch; which, though it acted with a terrible recoil upon the man’s own salary, had the effect of stunning Don Quixote, who did not know what to make of it.



While he still stood amazed, a policeman had been procured by diligent search of the by-standers, and, with much reluctance on his part, was brought up to arrest the disturber. This he at length did, though for a time he was unable to decide whether or not the Don came under the new code; and so the hero of La Mancha was “run in” at the nearest station. G. P. LATHROP.

WE had thought that the Milwaukee fire was a horror that had no humorous side, but Mayor Stowell has written in acknowledging Mr. Jay Gould’s gift of \$500 to the relief fund in Milwaukee—“It is timely, and should rank you with the noble philanthropists who distinguish this age above all previous eras in the world’s history.”

MR. HENRY JAMES, the philosopher, had a younger son, who, being prosperous in business, excused himself from being one of his father’s legatees.

Mr. James, the novelist, would do well to put his brother into one of his books, even at the risk of being accused of a creation so improbable as to be bad art.

IN the February *Century*, Mrs. Burnet’s novel, “Through One Administration,” still drags its lively length along, although this is its sixteenth installment. It is still believed, however, that the fair authoress will be able to say her last word on or about the date originally fixed by her title—before the end of President Arthur’s first term.

THE MACAULAYFLOWER PAPERS.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER III.



THE Paris journals of the first half of this century kept always set up, in permanent type, the following phrases, to begin the leading editorial of every day: *All up to now has been but rot and stubble.*

An era new commences. In America, on the first of January, 1883, this was true. Things in general were upon the threshold of a new era, at the same moment that men in general were upon the back stoop of oblivion. There were but two kinds of politicians—War Horses and Old Hosses—and both of these were oozing into the black mud of eternity, at a time when the infant Scholar in Politics saw snakes in its cradle but to strangle them. There were no statesmen.

For a salient pattern of each type let us turn to Massachusetts, a State which led in mediocrity as erst in other qualities, a State which, having long crowned its pygmies, had now no giants left to crown. The war horses lived in the past; they harped, like Welsh bards, upon old battles; they gloried in “bluggy” swords, and garlands that were crimsoned o’er with human gore. Hoar was one of these. He sniffed the battle from afar, ever backwards to the year sixty-one; a War horse, Hoar, of the War horses, though there be no instance recorded of his having said Ha-ha. Withal, a merry fellow, and a clever, but for one unlucky trick—he was always seeking midday at fourteen o’clock. Close, not open to conviction, only strong-minded women found his soft spot; he wore no heart upon his sleeve for Dawes to peck at.



Butler was an Old Hoss. Amid much cheering he announced, on being elected Governor, that the government belonged to his friends; that is, to the Fellow and to his fellow creatures. At this time he belonged to the party of Tweedle-Dum; so called, because they called their opponents damned fools; while the more fastidious Tweedle-Dees put a modest dash between the D’s, when referring to the Dums. From the clash of these two great parties Wabasha has arisen.

IN a lucid interval between two accesses of *mania a potu*, Alg-rn-n Ch-rl-s Sw-n-burn- produced the following :

I.

VANDERBILT, what of the night ?
The market will do for a turn;
The divvy the road did not earn
Looks well enough in a report;
Have we no figures to write ?
Statements to swear to at need ?
Then, when we sell the stock short,
Say, let the Public be d—d.

II.

GOULD, what of the night ?
Pools and lawsuits and war,
Earnings that cease to grow more,
Chromos of beauty, not use;
The Public no longer will bite,
Though we all have inserted our pegs—
We have cut up the sanguine goose,
The goose of the golden eggs.

III.

CONKLING, what of the night ?
Far in my own countree,
Hunting the counsellor's fee.
Reading in papers strange words—
Slogans, absurd for a fight.
A deil of a note they sing,
More like some mocking bird's
Than the true Senatorial ring.

IV.

BEECHER, what of the night ?
Go not the Gospel blind;
An orthodox straddle, I find,
Novel, remunerative,
Safe and sensational, quite;
In these days of a flock well read,
Ingersoll, Whitman, alive,
And Edwards and Emerson dead.

V.

BUTLER, what of the night ?
Night is the demagogue's noon,
Ignorance pipes the tune.
The State is Cleon's baud,
And shall dance for his delight;
Insolence, envy and greed,
Folly and sloth and fraud
Yield me a Senator's meed.

VI.

Dead men, what of the night ?
Hear a voice from the grave;
See that ye keep what we gave,
Union and honor and rest.
We that are dead for the night,
Cry from the grey of death—
See that ye follow the best,
See that ye lead those beneath.

WHOM the gods would destroy they first
make other people mad with.



A PRUDENT MAIDEN.

Ah! Who is this? IT IS THE MAIDEN-WHOSE HAND THE POOR YOUNG MAN HAS ASKED IN MARRIAGE.

What! Did he ask it then, after all? HE DID.

But did he not know better? OH, YES; HE KNEW MUCH BETTER.

Why, then, did he do it? BECAUSE HE COULD NOT HELP HIMSELF.

How was that? WELL—SHE LOOKED AT HIM.

And did he come to time? VERY PROMPTLY.

Has she answered the poor young man? NOT YET.

Is she thinking about him now? YES; SHE IS SIZING HIM UP.

And will she give him her hand? PROBABLY NOT.

Because she does not love him? NO; BUT BECAUSE SHE FEARS HE WOULD NOT BE A GOOD PROVIDER.

Must she marry a Good Provider? YES: FOR SHE WAS RAISED A PET, AND CANNOT TAKE IN WASHING.

Is it a prudent maiden? MOST DISCREET.

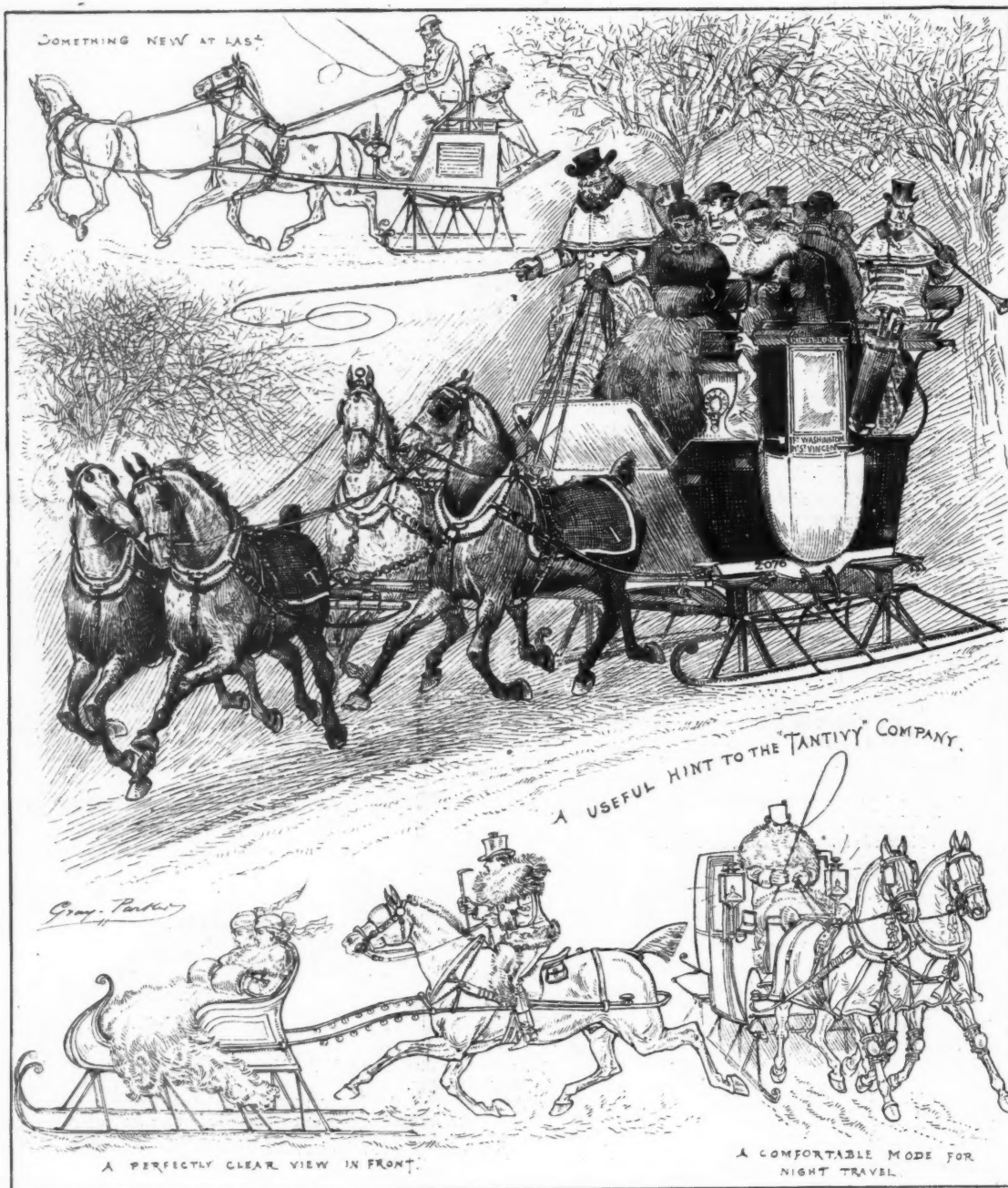
But why did she look at the young man if she does not want him? IN ORDER TO TEACH HIM SELF-CONTROL.

Was not that kind in her? AWFULLY KIND.

INGENUE, clambering up the staircases in a tall building, to her male companion.—“These stairs are ever so much more wearisome than those in the Post Office.”

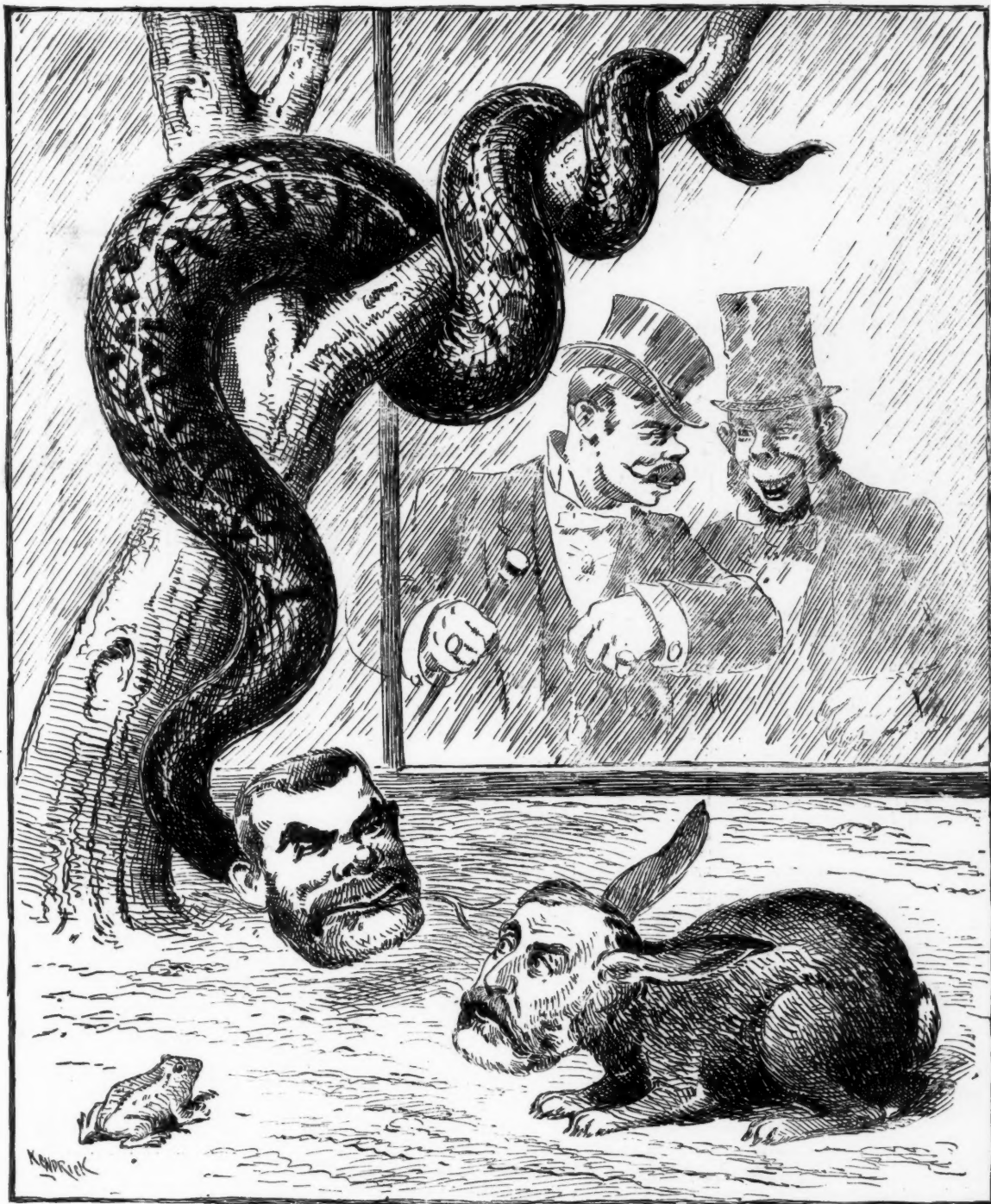
He.—“Why.”

She.—“Because there they have an elevator, you know.”



SUGGESTIONS FOR SLEIGH RIDING.

Showing how both the rich and the poor may be diverted; the one by making the show, the other by watching it.



THE ANACONDA AT HIS MEALS.

From the Koran (revised version).

"THERE IS NO BOSS BUT KELLY, AND EDSON IS HIS MAYOR."

AN EXCLUSIVE SENSATION.

A BALLAD OF THE POWER OF THE PRESS.



I.

I T was a noted citizen of Gotham town who hid
An editor's retreat unto, and locked the door inside.

II.

"Grace unto thee, good editor, to you the news I trust—
To-morrow morning Gotham town shall learn that I have 'bust.'
I am a pillar of the church, and President of banks;
In the communities' esteem no man my place outranks.
I have embezzled ten trust funds wrecked twenty business houses,
In fourteen different wards I have got families and spouses,
Nightly 'twas my delight to buck the tiger in his lair,
To draw unto the bob-tailed flush, to bluff on nary pair.
That woman in East River found, her throat cut ear to ear,
She was my twelfth or thirteenth wife—I was her murderer!
In brief, if I shall not be lynched, but tried for all my crimes,
I shall be to the gallows sent about a dozen times:
Commuted, if my sentence is, I'll drink the cup of tears,
And eat at Sing Sing sorrows' mush for some ten thousand years!
Here are the documents to prove my sad recital true;
I'll wait for the police at home till ten o'clock. Adieu!"



III.

Then happy was that editor, and in the morning he
Printed the banker's direful news in full, exclusively.
And then he rubbed his hands and smiled, for thinking of the heat
Made at the joint expense of each and every rival sheet.
And all his editorial page brimmed o'er with scoffs and laughs,
From double leaded leader down to minor paragraphs.
But of the ways of journalists, in truth, he did not know
One half as much as the merchant-prince; the sequel proved it so.

IV.

For when the next day's sun uprose, no paper, great or small,
Alluded to the banker's crash, or noticed it at all.
But, in due time, one journal said that a coeval sheet
Had swallowed a story long disproved, and known in every street.
Another righteously remarked the screed did nothing show
That it had not itself laid bare months upon months ago.
A third asked if the banker's foes did not, in truth, combine
To bring the weak invention out at fifty cents a line.
The louder that that editor discoursed about his feat,
The more enthusiastic grew his rivals' generous heat;
And all with one accord agreed to put beneath the ban
Judge, jury, lawyer—who essayed to hang a guiltless man.
And when for trial by his peers at last the banker came,
He left the court 'mid deafening cheers, with an unspotted name!



V.

That of the ways of journalists that editor knew less
By far than did the merchant prince—the sequel proved, I guess!

EVERY distinguished Englishman who has viewed the States for six weeks from the windows of a sleeping-car or hotel, writes his "Impressions of America," upon his return to his native land and derives general laws from isolated examples in the most unscientific manner. An American, who should judge English gentlemen from the bag-men whom he chanced to meet in a tavern would be laughed at; but the manner of the smoking-car and barroom are attributed unhesitatingly to all Americans by our Transatlantic cousins. One of our observing Englishmen, we may imagine, was at Aiken, South Carolina, a few months ago, when Mrs. McCook gave her ball. There was a blood-feud raging between the Wilkins and Staggers families. Judge Staggers came to the ball prepared to get the draw on General Wilkins, and the military gentleman was prepared to honor his draft at sight. After paying their respects to the hostess, the two gentlemen began shooting at each other; their relatives joined in the fun, and in a few minutes four people were shot, two stabbed, and another thrown down stairs. The hospitable old mansion of the McCook family was burned to the ground. Our Englishman, in his book, writes as follows:

"While in Aiken, Georgia, I went to a ball at Mrs. McCook's house. The Lord Chancellor and a distinguished army officer had a murderous conflict. Many people were killed, and the house burned down. Balls in America always end in bloodshed and arson."

To show how one-sided the Englishman's view is, we give the account of the affair in the local newspaper.

"There was an elegant party at Mrs. McCook's last night. All the beauty and chivalry of the city were there. Judge Staggers, a type of the true Southern gentleman, and General Wilkins, had a little argument. Some of our proudest families are in mourning. Mrs. McCook has purchased, of the Judge's widow, the old Staggers manor. General Wilkins is to entertain the coroner's jury at dinner to-night."

The deputation that waited on a doorstep returned with a very unsatisfactory report.

MR. AND MRS. RALPH ORMISTON.

(CONCLUDED.)

III.

THE "DREADFUL DEN."



M R. ORMISTON had hardly left his house on the morning of the twenty-second of January, 188—, to take the train to New York and keep his appointment with the eminent agnostic, when his wife, a fair-haired, slender woman of the Southern type, walked stealthily to the door of the reception-room. She held in her hand a memorandum of the combination of the time-lock which she had taken at the watch-maker's shop on the previous day. She bent over the bit of paper and tried the knob of the lock. She grew very pale. She could hear the wheels of the cab which was

taking her husband to the station, and she pictured his dark, mysterious face, blankly facing the vacant seat before it. No answer had come to her letter to the "Friend of the Hairless," and her parting request to her husband was that he should consult an eminent dermatologist in New York. His brow contracted, as she spoke to him, and a cold light seemed to flash from his eyes; he asked her never to mention that subject again. She felt surer than ever that some dreadful family secret made any allusion to baldness painful to him. And now, perhaps, she was to find out the secret, and certainly she was to ascertain the scientific affairs at which Ormiston daily busied himself. As she slowly revolved the combination lock, the bare thought that her husband might suddenly return and find her prying into his secret gave her a nervous start. What would he do? Would her happiness, like Mrs. Bluebeard's, be gone forever? and she had no sister Ann to sit upon the housetop and look down the avenue for approaching horsemen. Mamie Lee would not think it proper to sit upon the housetop, even if she were here. She turned from the door, and, going to her parlor, took up her embroidery, a smoking cap for her husband. In a few moments she put down her work and indecisively walked to the head of the stairway. Yes, she would get into the room; it was her duty. If she were but taken into her husband's confidence, she might help him so much. She could write such a good hand and would make a capital amanuensis, she felt sure. It was her desire to help her husband and not curiosity which led her to open the door, she argued to herself. She slowly set the knob at the letters marked in the combination, and with difficulty pulled open the heavy door. She hastily closed it, turned the inner knob and pulled aside the heavy portieres. It was absolutely dark, as the window facing upon the street was covered with a dark curtain. She groped her way to the mantelpiece, and, feeling cautiously along the shelf, her hand struck against a box of matches. The darkness was appalling; she hastily struck a light, as she feared to move in the dark lest she might knock over some delicate scientific apparatus. As the gas illumined the room she was startled at perceiving that it contained nothing except a large, black-walnut rolling-top desk and a chair. "Ralph is writing a book," cried his wife, delighted to find that he was not a scientific man, who believed in Darwin and in nothing else. "He may be the author of *Guerndale!*" she exclaimed, with a thrill of pleasure. Her soft Southern voice sounded oddly in the silent room. She sank into the chair and gazed with eager curiosity around the apartment. The walls were covered with a plain paper and the floor with a soft Turkish rug. The fireplace bore signs of being used daily. She had got into the room but not into the secret. She tried to pull up the cover of the desk—it was securely fastened; then she pulled at the drawers, but they too were locked. Impatiently she gave the bottom drawer a sudden twitch, and, to her great

surprise, she pulled it out. In it was a photograph album and an envelope. The envelope was square and of fashionable make. The album was bound in shabby black leather. Mrs. Ormiston felt that a crisis in her life was at hand, and her heart fluttered as she opened the book. The first picture in the book was a large cabinet photograph of a beautiful woman, and below it was written in her husband's bold hand, "Clara O., London,* 1852." "Poor fellow, his dead sister," sighed Mrs. Ormiston as a tear fell upon the beautiful sad face of the picture, half shaded by a bridal veil. Turning the leaf, Mrs. Ormiston, to her surprise, found the picture of another bride, and on the leaf the inscription, "Gretchen O., Vienna,* 1855." Turning hastily over the leaves she found the pictures of four other women in bridal attire, and under the pictures in Ormiston's handwriting: "Regina Cecilia O., Calcutta,* 1867." "Celeste O., Paris,* 1870." "Betina O., Lima,* 1873." "Daisy O., New Orleans,* 1879."

A cold hand seemed to clutch her heart as she turned the last page of the album and saw her own picture, taken in her wedding dress at Ormiston's request. Dropping the book, she leaned over and picked up the envelope. It was postmarked Boston and directed in her own writing, not to Ralph Ormiston, Esq., but to the "Friend of the Hairless," P. O. Box 3,051. It contained her request that the receipt for baldness be sent her, but it did not contain the ten three-cent postage stamps which she had enclosed. Her letter had reached its destination. The horrible certainty crushed her. The unhappy woman rushed to the door, and tried to pull it open. Her one thought was to fly to her father. The door was closed. She tried to set the lock at the combination, but she could not remember it. The memorandum was not to be found. In her despair she rushed to the window. Tearing the heavy curtain aside, she perceived that the window was secured by heavy iron bars. She tried to wrench out the great bars with her delicate hands. As she stood pulling at the grating and beating upon the window in the hopes of bringing some passer-by to her aid, a cab drove up and stopped at the



door. She saw in the window of the cab the dark cruel face of Ormiston. He recognized that she was in the forbidden room, for he lifted his hat to her in a mock polite bow, uncovering his conical bald head. Mrs. Ormiston fell as if dead upon the floor.

IV.

(SLIP CUT FROM *Boston Daily Advertiser*, JANUARY 24TH, 188—.)

"ORMISTON.—In this city, on the 23d inst., suddenly, Louisa, beloved wife of Ralph Ormiston and daughter of Carrol Pinckney, Esq., of Baltimore, Maryland. [Friends are requested not to send flowers.]

The body of John Howard Payne is on its way from Tunis to America.—*N. Y. Herald*.

His longings for a Home he set
To such a soothing measure,
It made a homeless man's regret
To every home bring pleasure.
The only home himself could gain
Was *omnibus communis*;
For every tune got out of Payne
Ere Payne got out of Tunis.

In most well regulated country households the old saying, "Speed the plow," has now given place to "speed the piano."



SHOCKING!

Miss Wreckless to Old Scruple, who is looking at a plaque of her painting: NOW, THAT'S MAMA; SUCH A BOTHER AS SHE WAS; WE HAVE NO OVEN AND HAD TO HAVE HER FIRED OUT OF THE HOUSE.

And Scruple, who is not versed in the technicalities of china painting, goes off in doubt whether it is worse to be unfilial or to talk slang.

COASTING.

A WINIER POEM, WITH A MORAL.

DOWN from the top,
Faster and faster;
Shrieks, crash! A stop
And a disaster.

Sled overturned;
Struggling humanity;
Some unconcerned.
Some—well, profanity.

Joy turned to woe;
Awful confusion;
"Beautiful snow"
All a delusion.

Dresses all torn;
Bump on your forehead;
Boys look forlorn;
Girls say "It's horrid."

Snow down your neck,
Colder than charity.
Sled a bad wreck;
Ditto hilarity.

Wind like a knife;
Every one grumbles.

MORAL.

Well, such is life,
Every thing tumbles.

D. C. HASBROUK.

THE Hot-bed of Fashion.—Chickering Hall last Friday evening.

A HOLOCAUST of Fashion.—Something to be expected at Chickering Hall.

DISASTER succeeds disaster. Hotels burn; floods devastate; Oscar Wilde comes and goes; Gambetta dies; Mr. Gebhardt escapes being slaughtered; and now a steamer has sunk, with dreadful loss of life.

PARABOLIC PARABLES.

I.

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who would be a poet, so he gathered the works of all the great poets of the world, and read and studied them attentively for many years; and at length, having written a long and beautiful poem, he took it to an editor and said, "I prithee print this in thy magazine." And the editor said, "Leave it"; and he left. But, like the bread cast upon the waters, after many days it was returned to him, with a polite note, saying, "Your MS. has been read with interest, but there is that about it that savors of Shakespeare, Browning, Dusenberry, Pope, Hood, Stedman, Bret Harte, Spenser, Byron, Smith, Brown, Jones, David and others. It also seems slightly lacking in originality. Perhaps some periodical of a more eclectic character will find use for it." And so with others. And the young man was wroth. And he quit reading until he had forgotten more than he had ever known. "Now," said he, "I can become an original poet," and he wrote another poem, longer and more beautiful than the first, and he took it to the editor of the magazine, saying, "What think you of that?" And the editor said, "Have you read the last number of my magazine?" and he answered, "I have not." And the editor said, "If thou hadst, thou wouldst not have written this poem; for, lo! it is identical in plot with some verses I myself did last month to fill out a page." And he laughed him to scorn. And the young man went out and wept bitterly, and went into the dry-goods business. Now, this is a true story up to this point. And the young man became in a short time a millionaire and married a million heiress.

N. B.—There is no moral.



MANAGERS DALY AND WALLACK are at present playing old English comedies as a sort of sop to the public, before they force down their throats the more highly spiced "Serge Panine" and "The Silver King".

I STRAYED into Daly's the other evening and saw Colley Cibber's delightfully impossible "She Would and She Would Not," done by Mr. Daly's "clever young people," in light wigs, in spite of the fact that the scene is laid in Spain, where it is popularly supposed that brunettes prevail. This play was evidently selected to show how much better Mr. Daly's emotional soubrette can act the man than did Modjeska and Mrs. Langtry. Without going into any comparisons, Miss Rehan gave a delightful impersonation of the gay young masquerader, and was a far greater success as a dashing Cavaliero than John Drew, who seemed painfully conscious of his short allowance of trowsers, and who acted in little spasms in three time.

MR. WALLACK has made a better choice of a play; and Goldsmith's ever vernal comedy, "She Stoops To Conquer," is being thorough Wallacked (which ought to, but does not, imply that it is Wall-ack-ted*) by the Wallachian company. The veteran himself takes the part of old—I beg pardon—young Marlow, and while his acting has lost none of its finesse, it does take a little stretch of the imagination to see the bashful gallant in our youth of sixty summers. John Gilbert is always good; Madame Ponisi, as usual, quite artificial; Rose Coghlan wrongly cast; Adela Measor bright and vivacious, and Elton an amusing *Tony Lumpkins*.

JOHN T. RAYMOND has another good part in another bad play. The Grand Opera House is a big theatre, but it won't hold all the people who want to see Mulberry Sellers as a Western Editor.

"MCsorLEY'S INFLATION" has proved a beneficent measure for the treasury of the *Comique*. It is to be hoped that Harrigan will take this success to Hart, and that their next venture will be just as much of a frolic and a little more of a play.

CHARLES R. has indeed proved a Thorne in the flesh to Manager Stetson, who, after having billed him as a star in the "Corsican Brothers," found him to be but an *ignis fatuus*. Always equal to every emergency, the great manager augmented the Variety Contingent, and the play is still drawing crowded houses.

PENDEXTER NIBBS.

*Positively last appearance of this pun.

AN engraving of a statue in plaster, by Claude Marie Devenet, entitled, "The Mother," is published in *L'Art*. The mother is represented as holding in her lap "baby, cradle and all." The cradle was apparently made out of a champagne basket, but unfortunately for the purposes of the advertiser, the picture was taken from the wrong side of the statue, and it does not appear whether the champagne was that of Mumm, or Piper Heidsieck or New Jersey.

"A WOMAN'S Reason"—Because I do!



What is the young girl doing?
SHE IS MEASURING THE INTENSITY OF
THE YOUNG MAN'S PASSION.

What does it amount to?
CIRCUMFERENCE 47 INCHES, 60 BUDS.

A PROSPECTIVE JUNKET.

"MAMA!" said the young man, "I am not going to work any more."

"Ah, my son!" shrieked the agonized parent, "do you intend that I shall take in washing?"

"No, indeed, dear mama; I shall have no need to work. How can you doubt me! Have I not often told you that, while you had a crust, I would share it with you?"

"Yes, noble boy, you have," sobbed the proud parent.

What is more unsacrificing than a mother's love?

"I have struck a bonanza," continued the youth, fondling his golden moustache. "The East River Bridge. It has cost \$17,000,000. Every day I shall go to it, break off a piece of the precious metal of which it must be composed, send the bullion to the mint, and receive gold coin of the United States in return. Cheer up, dear mother, dark is the hour before the dawn."

Idée Napoléonienne.—Whatever your hand finds to "scoop," "scoop it in."

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.



THE PROPOSAL.



REJECTED.

OLD FARMER'S AL-
MANAC.

(Calculated for the latitude of New England, and found among the assets of a gentleman farmer, lately insolvent.)

Oct. 1. Glorious day.

Nov. 15. Reminds us all of Heaven.

Nov. 15 (evening). It grows cold.

Nov. 16 (morning). It grows extremely cold.

Nov. 16 (evening). Winter sets in.

Dec. 1. Winter begins.

Dec. 15. "Fine winter weather."

Dec. 25. It grows wintry.

Jan. 5. Blizzard.

Jan. 6. Real winter now.

Feb. 20. G. P. (Grand Pause.)

Feb. 28. The abomination of desolation commences.

May 19. The abomination of desolation goeth off in spots.

May 20. Hot as perdition.

May 21. Much warmer.

THERE is nothing new under the sun. Solomon anticipated the modern lamb in Wall street when he described the fool going to the correction of the stocks.

EVERY man is a valet-de-chambre to his hero.

TENDER greeting.—Offering a creditor payment in Trade dollars.



FINALE.

LITERARY NOTES.

"ANIMALS and Their Masters," by Sir Arthur Helps, is a new English book. If Sir Arthur helps a Kentucky animule once, he need write nothing more than an autobiographic obituary.

"THE Imperial Dictionary" is the name of an English work, which evil disposed American publishers are trying to dispose of to a confiding public. But we do not take any Englishman in our Dictionary. Daniel Webster is good enough for us.

We want a book with all the modern improvements, containing "boom," and

"blizzard," and "readjust," and other Americanisms.

RAGNAROK is the 'Twilight of the Gods.—So says a new book. What then is Rok an' rye?

DELAWARE's Senatorial watchword.—Saulsbury for ever!

FAVORITE Cannibal Soup.—A broth of a boy.

OLD saws must have teeth perforce, hence the phrase, "A biting jest."

A PARIS correspondent asserts that "Sara Bernhardt is not flourishing." Then is doomsday near?

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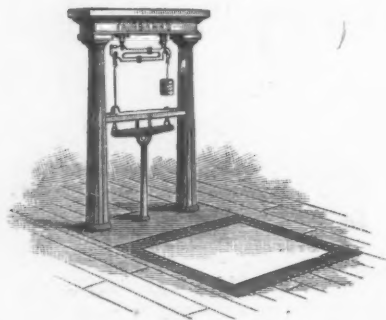
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